Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloucester* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady-
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawl
Welcome destruction, death
I see as in a Mappe the end o
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet
How many of you haue min
My husband lost his life to g
And often vp and downe my
For me to ioy and weepe the
And being seated, and dome
Cleane ouer blowne, themsel
Make war vpon themselues,
Selfe against selfe, O prepost
And frankticke outrage, end
Or let me die to looke on dea
Qu. Come, come, my boy,
Dut. Ile goe along with yo
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go
And thither beare your treasu
For my part, Ile resigne vnto
The Seale I keepe, and so bet
As well I tender you, and all
Come Ile conduct you to the
The Trumpets sound E
Gloucester, and Buck
Buc. Welcome sweete Prin
Glo. Welcome sweete Cose
The weary way hath made y
Prin. No Vncle, but our cro
Haue made it tedious, wearis
I want more Vncles heere to
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vnta
Haue not yet diued into the
Nor more can you distinguish
Then of his outward shew, wh
Seldome or neuer iumpeth wi
Those vncles which you want
Your grace attended to their
But looke not on the poyson o